· JULY 1921 ·

Little Folks

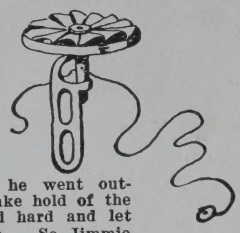
20 c.
a copy

$2.00
a year

S. E. CASSINO CO.,
SALEM - MASS.

TO KEEP YOU BUSY AND HAPPY

AERIAL TOP



One day Uncle Ben brought home a new top for Jimmie—a kind of top Jimmie had never seen. "Try it out doors," said Uncle Ben. "It might go through the ceiling." How Jimmie laughed; for how could a top spin through the ceiling? But he went outdoors just the same. "Take hold of the handle tight, pull the cord hard and let go quick," said Uncle Ben. So Jimmie held the handle tight, and pulled the cord hard and let go quick. And up sailed the top—up, up, up,—higher than the bedroom windows. Jimmie just gasped; and all his playmates who had hurried to see the wonderful top gasped, too. "What is it?" Where did you get it?" "How much did it cost?" everybody began asking at once. "It is an aerial top and I got it from LITTLE FOLKS for getting one new yearly subscription—it can't be your own—to the magazine for one year. I got two tops instead of one and so will you. Or you can send 50 cents in cash and get two. They fly in the air and spin on the floor. Who wouldn't want a top like that?"

PLASTELINE MODELLING SET

Mud-pies are lots of fun and so are sand-castles, but you can't make them the year round in many places, and you can't make them in the house, anyway, no matter what good outdoor fun they are, beause they are mussy and get things all dirty. To make nice clean pies and castles in the house, you should have a Plasteline Modelling Set. Plasteline is a substitute for modelling clay, which does not get hard and crumbly no matter how long you use it. It is clean and simple to use, and the number of things you can make besides pies and castles is simple amazing! —doll-furniture, dishes, animals, people, landscapes, maps—it would take a page to tell them all. You can always think of something more that can be made from Plasteline. Plasteline comes in four colored blocks to a set—blue, yellow, green and red—and all the tools you need are your ten fingers and a sharp stick that comes with directions for using the set. Plasteline will give you hours and hours of fun.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 65c.

CHILD'S HAND-BAG

This dainty little hand-bag of dark blue velvet is just like Mother's. It has a bright, pretty design that looks like bead-work, and it is well-made and nicely lined with white. Best of all, it has a really truly mirror inside. When you go shopping with Mother or play Lady-come-to-see, you will need a bag just this size and kind.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to Little Folks postpaid. Cash price, 60c.

Up, up, up in the soft spring air
I send my Vertical Flyer;
As straight as an arrow it spins along,
As high as the birds go and higher.

Up to the tree-tops and over the roof,
With just a pull of the string—
Oh, I think my Vertical Flyer is
The very best toy for spring!

It is. It will take its owner out into the open, exercise cramped muscles, and provide an all-round good time for both girls and boys. Strongly and simply constructed of wood, with heavy card wings. Complete with cord and holder. Guaranteed to fly. Provides all sorts of possibilities in the way of games and contests. As much fun as kite flying.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price, 40c.

BOY'S KNIFE AND CHAIN

Here's a dandy knife that you can't lose, because it is attached securely to a good strong steel chain with a button fastener at one end. Knives get misplaced and lost so easily when they are carried loose in your pocket, that a knife you can't lose is bound to be a knife worth wanting. This 'unloosable' knife is also a knife worth having, as any knife that was going to stay with you ought to be. It has a fine stag handle and two good-quality keen-edged blades, one large and one small. If you enjoy whittling, or if you are a Boy Scout, this is the knife you should have. It makes a fine present, too, for some boy friend or relative.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 75c.

WONDER BUBBLE BLOWER

Blowing bubbles is good, all-round fun for summer of winter, outdoors or in, rainy days or fair. Bubbles are such frail things, and yet there are so many ways of having fun with them—parties, contests, games, stunts. Of course, clay pipes will do, but clay pipes sometimes get dropped and broken, and then the fun is spoiled. Then, too, clay pipes blow just one kind of bubbles. So why use clay pipes when you can get an inexpensive bubble-blower that will not break, and which is especially constructed to blow sixteen different kinds of bubbles which may be made into hundreds of combinations. With it you can blow single, double, chain, cluster bubbles and bubbles within bubbles. And you couldn't do that with a clay pipe! All you need is a bowl of soapy water. And then such fun!

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 25c.

All Kinds of Toys by Mail—Little Folks, Salem, Mass.

Something Important

PRIZE-winners in the story and poem contest for June will be announced in the August issue. Don't neglect to try for the $100 prize in the amateur photograph competition, about which you may read in this number.

SOMETHING TO COOK

THE PLAYROOM COOKS GO A-PICNICING

RUTHIE was weeding the vegetable garden when Janie came dancing down to the edge of the path.

"Oh, Ruthie," she called, "to-morrow's the Fourth, and we're going to the picnic after all. Mother's headache is lots better and she says it will be all gone by morning, and we can make the sandwiches this afternoon, all by ourselves."

Ruthie dropped her basket of weeds, and hopped over the lettuce bed into the path, and the sisters joined hands and went dancing away to the house.

There were eggs on the table, bread, mayonnaise dressing, and a bottle of stuffed olives, as well as some crisp, fresh lettuce from the Playroom Cooks' own bed.

There were two cards, too, each of them bearing a recipe. Mother knew that the Cooks were quite able to make these simple sandwiches all alone, and needed nothing but directions.

"We'll make 'em together," said Ruthie, reading the cards. Ruthie knew it is lots more fun doing the same things together than doing different things by one's self.

"Let's make the egg sandwiches first," suggested Janie, "and while the eggs are cooking we can make the cream cheese and lettuce kind. There's a box of cream cheese in the refrigerator."

So Ruthie brought in the cream cheese while Janie filled a pan with water and put it on to boil.

The card said to let the eggs stand in water just below the boiling-point for forty minutes, keeping the water very hot but not allowing it to boil.

While the water was heating, the Cooks prepared the lettuce. Ruthie cut off the crisp, coarse ends of the lettuce leaf stems, and got a sprig or two of parsley, and chopped the greens together in the chopping bowl. By the time that was done, the water was almost boiling, and Janie brought the eggs, a half dozen of them, and put them into the pan. Then Ruthie moved the pan back on the stove where the water would stay piping hot but not boil, and the two Cooks then turned their attention to the cream cheese and lettuce sandwiches which were made simply by buttering the slices of thinly-cut bread very lightly, and spreading them with cream cheese. Then between each two slices so spread, the Cooks placed a crisp lettuce leaf. Except for the cutting and wrapping, that was all there was to those sandwiches.

By the time they were finished, the eggs were ready to be dipped out of the hot water into cold, which made their shells slip off easily. Then the Cooks took turns at chopping the eggs into the other materials. There was about three times as much green stuff as eggs, which the card said was quite as it should be, though it didn't really matter. The special thing, though was to add a half-*saltspoonful* of salt and a full teaspoon of mayonnaise for each egg that had been used. That made three saltspoons of salt, since they had used six eggs, and six teaspoons of dressing. When all this was mixed well together, it was spread between lightly buttered slices of bread, just as the other sandwiches were made.

The sandwiches were packed separately in waxed paper, and wrapped in a napkin rung out of water till it was just damp. Then they were put away till Fourth of July morning.

(*Continued on page* 443)

(Something To Do Department continued on page 402)

Corvallis, Oregon.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been taking you for two years and I like you very much, especially the Letter Bag. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I live in Benton County, where there are many forests with little streams and an abundance of little lavendar orchids, which are very beautiful. We have two canary birds which are very cunning. I would like to hear from any of the readers. I live at 214 N. 7th. St.

Margaret K. Atwood.

Thibodaux, La.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am twelve years old and am in the fifth grade. I went to Colorado last summer. It certainly is wonderful. I went in the Cave of the Winds. It is very beautiful in there. I saw a petrified waterfall. I went down in a gold mine also. We went down on a shaft. I live on a sugar plantation. We often go to see the sugar ground. It is very interesting. First the cane is crushed, then the juice is filtered, and then boiled. After that it is washed, then granulated, and put in barrels. They make powdered sugar, also. I wish some readers would write to me. I will answer your letters. I love to write letters. I am a girl.

Bennie Rogers.

Wanchese, N. C.

Dear "Little Folks":—I live on Roanoke Island, and we have some beautiful scenery here. Up at the Mother Vineyard farm are grape-vines which Sir Walter Raleigh's colony planted. There are three of them. About eight miles and a half from here is Fort Raleigh. The monument to Virginia Dare is still there. Of course you know that she was the first white child born in America. There is a large tree not far from her grave with "Croatan" marked on it. I wish some reader would write to me. My box is 25. I am eleven years old.

Polly Daniels.

Morelia, Michoacan, Mex.

Dear "Little Folks":—Here is a story I have written that will tell you something about the people here. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade.

GUADALUPE, AN INDIAN GIRL

Guadalupe was a black-eyed, black-haired brown-skinned Indian girl. She lived on the mountains near Morelia, at an Indian town named Santa Maria. She was a little heathen Indian who was taught all her life to love the Indian Virgin Guadalupe, whose picture she wore around her neck.

Her home was made of adobe and her father, mother and two brothers slept on petates (grass mats) laid on the ground floor. They ate, slept and cooked in one room. Her father made pulque (fermented juice of the century plant) and spent most of the day in Morelia selling it through the streets. Her brothers spent most of the day on the mountains cutting wood or playing.

Guadalupe rose early every morning, made a fire in the bresero and heated the frijoles (beans) and tortillas (corn pancakes) for their breakfast.

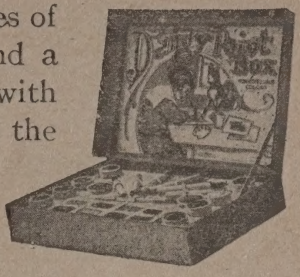
Sundays and Thursdays, Guadalupe and her mother filled their guacales (hampers) with flowers, orchids, herbs, berries and sometimes beautiful song-birds from the mountains to sell in the city market. Once the mother could not go, so Guadalupe had to go alone. As she did not speak Spanish, but an Indian dialect, on her way she was wondering how she could sell her things. She reached the city and not finding the market, asked a woman where it was. A missionary who knew her dialect was passing, and having learned of her distress, took her to the market, and when she had finished selling her articles, he took her to his home and told her of Jesus. Soon her whole family was converted and Guadalupe became a lovely Christian girl.

Now don't you want to be a missionary and preach to the Indians and Mexicans? There is plenty of room in Mexico for all the Little Folks subscribers to be missionaries.

Margaret Shelby.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 404)

THIS DANDY PAINT BOX



Contains 22 colors in paints and crayons: 8 boxes of water-colors, 1 tray of water-colors, 6 crayons and a paint brush, all put up in a beautiful, strong box with a hinged cover. With this box you can color all the pictures in Little Folks and The Children's Magazine, as there is a plenty of paint and a large variety of colors.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is $2.00 a year, but they can have it four months for 50c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 50c. each. You send $3.00 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

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SOMETHING FOR THE FOURTH

AN ENVELOPE EAGLE

ELSIE is seven years old, and this is the way she makes a Fourth of July eagle. It is so simple that anybody can do it in just a few minutes.

Cut off the flap of a large white used envelope which is about nine inches long. Find the exact center of the straight side of the flap and draw the head and neck here. On each side of the head, draw the curve at the base of the wings—they reach way out to the ends of the flap.

Now make horizontal lines about a fourth of an inch apart in the wings, extending from the tip of the wings up to the point where they curve away from the body. Draw the tail and line it as you did the wings to represent the tail feathers, at the center pointed side of the flap and curve each wing here a little to meet the outline of the tail.

With the scissors, cut out the eagle you have drawn, and cut also down each horizontal line in the tail and wings, being careful not to cut too close to the body, as the "feathers" might then drop out. When you have them cut, you will see that these strips look very much like wing and tail feathers.

Color the eagle, if you like. Bend the wings back close to the body and the eagle will stand up boldly just as an American eagle always should and does especially on the Fourth of July.

Ellie T. Diehnel

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LETTER BAG

LETTERS have been received from a great many children for the Letter Bag since the last list was published in May, but because there are still so many good letters waiting publication the Editor is not yet able to use all the letters she receives. If you have written to the Letter Bag, and your name does not appear in the following list, your letter will probably by printed as soon as there is room. All Correspondence Requests in the letters of the following boys and girls, whose letters we are unable to use, good as they were, will be printed as soon as there is an opportunity.

Elizabeth Kean, Margaret Huggins, Grace Merchant, Elizabeth McKenzie, Jane Drake, Dorothy Field, Elmina Hearne, Iris Cooley, Lamerne Bischel, Leah Kelly, Violet Dolgarus, Caroline Cockrell, Cornelia Mould, Pearl Wolter, Hattie Merrill, Helen Hamilton, Elizabeth Redding, Bernice Metzger, Vera Shearn, Ruth Leonhard, Elizabeth Bower, Gertrude Cullom, Vivian Drinkwater, Ruth Coddington, Maude Lehrman, Ruth Nelson, Dorothy Welch, Ville Safford, Priscilla Noddin, Marcella Moore, Elizabeth Sutton, Edith Fish, Erma Casey, Olive Wooding, Martha Freeman, Frances Wolfe, Lorna Walden, Sarah Ann Chapman, Ruth Bock, Muriel Tischer, Carolyn Porteous, Marion Schrader, Lucia Alfred, Mary Clare Kimbell, Eva Lucas, Jennie Edmonson, Catherine Lambeth, Florence Raney, Genevieve Sheetz, Estelle Andrew, Alma Bechthoff, Elizabeth Baldwin, Mildred Hogsett, Harriett Buff, Genevieve Baatz, Florence Tingley, Helen Lynch, Mary Hile, Mary Clemons, Ruth Nielander, Edith Woolsey, Mary Sheldon, Helen Reed, Virginia Wiliams, Mary Pickering, Elsie Roberts, Imogen McCollister, Louise Hawley, Samuella Bailey, Sylvia Baker, Elizabeth Trabue, Mabel Johnson.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 442)

$100 PRIZE CONTEST

You can win a Cash Prize and a Premo Camera in this Amateur Photograph Competition

HOW TO COMPETE

Little Folks will be 25 years old Nov. 1, 1921, and we want to celebrate this event by increasing our subscription so that 125,000 subscribers will receive that issue.

We want you to help us by sending **two new yearly subscriptions.** You can easily get two of your friends to take the magazine. Collect **$2.00** from each and send the money to us with the names and we will immediately send you

A FINE PREMO CAMERA FREE

with a roll of six films and full instructions. It is so simple a child can take pictures with it. With this camera you can take pictures of any subject and submit them in this prize competition. You may submit as many pictures as you wish. Photography is exceedingly interesting and instructive, and the photos you take and preserve will afford you great pleasure in years to come.

Cash Prizes Will Be Awarded November 1

$15 for best Photograph—$12.50 for second best Photograph $10 for third prize—$7.50 for fourth prize—$5.00 for fifth prize—$2.50 for sixth prize—and 47 prizes of $1.00 each, with consolation prize of 50 cts. for the 54th.

LITTLE FOLKS PHOTO COMPETITION SALEM, MASS.

AHOY! ahoy! you ships a-sailing on the sea!
I wish that you would come a-sailing here to me!
You bring the presents from the countries far away—
I wish you'd bring a lovely one to me to-day;
I'd like a dolly that could truly move and walk,
And skip and play about, and laugh and talk!

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIV JULY, 1921. No. 9.

GRETCHEN AND THE MAGIC FIDDLE

BY ANNE BROMLEY

THE QUEEN AND THE WICKED WIZARD

WITHIN the palace all was gloom and sadness. The good Queen had been laid under a spell for a Year-and-a-Day by a Cruel Wicked Wizard. And unless the spell was broken within the Year-and-a Day, the Wicked Cruel Wizard would carry her off when the time was up.

So the King sent Heralds throughout the country to offer half his kingdom and his daughter's hand to the one who should break the spell. Of course everybody started off at once to hunt for a Charm to save the Queen; and all the Witches and Wizards and Enchanters and Wonder-workers and Magicians worked overtime trying to concoct some potion that would prove effective.

But it was all useless, and after a while the people began to

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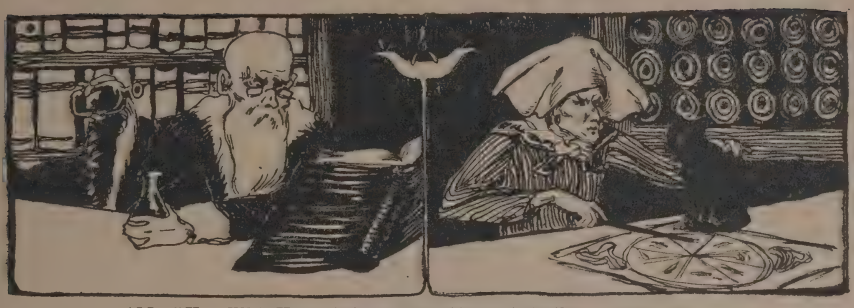
THE KING SENT HERALDS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

come back to their regular business and shake their heads and say they didn't believe any Charm would be found.

Now on the edge of the forest lived a little girl named Gretchen and her blind brother Hans, in the tiniest of little houses, all by themselves. For they were very, very poor and all alone in the world. All they had was the tiny house they lived in, and one good cow. Little Gretchen made all the butter and cheese she could to sell, and took care of Hans and kept the house clean and neat.

When the Heralds came through the forest, proclaiming the great reward offered for the Charm, Gretchen wanted to set off directly—yet how could she leave Hans? But when the people began to come back and shake their heads and say there was no Charm, something whispered to her that there was one, and that she could find it, and she made up her mind that she just must go.

So at last one day she took the cow to a Good Neighbor and



ALL THE WITCHES AND MAGICIANS WORKED OVERTIME

told her that if she would take care of Hans till the end of the Year-and-a-Day, she should have the cow. The Good Neighbor, who knew that it was a very valuable cow, was glad enough to do a kind deed so cheaply, and promised to take the best of care of Hans.

So Gretchen went home and swept and dusted and cleaned the little house and put it in order, and washed and brushed and polished Hans till you would scarcely know him, although she always kept him clean and neat. Then she promised him that if he would be a good boy and not make any trouble for the Good Neighbor till she came back, he should have everything he ever wanted.

GRETCHEN AND HER COW

And then she took him to the Good Neighbor's and said good-by with tears in her eyes; for after all it was not very easy to set off all alone even though she was sure she should succeed. But the Good Neighbor patted her on the head and put a big slice of bread and butter into her hand, and Gretchen dried her tears and started off.

She followed the road through the dark forest, singing all the hymns she knew to keep her heart up, and planning the things

she would do when the reward for finding the Charm was hers.

By-and-by she came to place where four roads met. Then she sat down on a stone to eat her bread and butter, for she had come a long way and was tired and hungry. But before she could take the first bite she heard a deep sigh behind her, and looking around she found she was not alone as she had thought. For there, under a tree, sat a white-haired Old Man who gazed

GRETCHEN AND THE OLD MAN SAT DOWN TOGETHER

hungrily at her bread. "I am such a poor Old Man," he said, "and I have not had anything to eat for two whole days. Won't you give me a bite of your bread?"

Gretchen was very hungry, but she broke her bread in two and gave him half. They sat down together and before the bread was all eaten Gretchen had told him all about the poor Queen and Hans and the reward for the Charm.

The little Old Man opened the bag that hung at his belt and took out a ball of yellow yarn.

AND COILED AROUND THE FIRE WAS A DRAGON, ASLEEP

"I can't do much to help you," said he, "but if you follow this Ball it will lead you to where the Charm is. And when you have got the reward just toss the Ball up in the air and it will come back to me."

Gretchen thanked the little Old Man, and tying the end of the yarn to her finger tossed the Ball up in the air. It fell to the ground and began to roll along the road. Gretchen followed it, winding it into a new Ball as she went.

Presently as darkness fell, the Ball began to glow as if it had a lamp inside of it, but never stopped a minute. All night long Gretchen followed it, winding as she went, and just as the sun rose the Ball rolled into a cave in the mountain-side.

The cave was dark at first, but the shining Ball rolled and rolled and by and by a strange light began to glow ahead of them, and the Ball came to a great sphere with a fire in the middle of it. And coiled around the fire was a Dragon, asleep!

Gretchen was dreadfully frightened of course, but the Ball rolled and rolled till it brought up, bump! against the Dragon's nose and woke him. Then Gretchen picked it up and put it into her pocket.

The Dragon had lifted his head and was looking at her, frowning horribly.

"Where did you get that Ball?" he demanded in a rumbling voice.

Gretchen told him about the little Old Man in the woods who gave it to her, when the Dragon immediately stopped frowning and tried to look pleasant.

"H'm, yes," said he, "I know all about that Old Man. He's a great friend of mine. Sit down, my dear, and tell me what you want."

So Gretchen sat down and told him all about the Queen and the reward, and her blind brother Hans, and how she meant to find the Charm. "And please, Mr. Dragon," she said at the end, "have you got the Charm?"

"H'm, h'm, well now," said the Dragon, "supposing I have —would you be willing to do a trifle of work in return for it, eh?"

"Oh," cried Gretchen, "you don't know how hard I will work!"

The Dragon smiled as if he knew *just* how hard she would work if she got it. Dragons are not pretty things even when they are amiable. "Well now," said he, "I'll give you a trial at least. You see," explained he, "I had a fight with another Dragon and I got myself pretty well clawed up. I licked him of course, but he left his mark on my back and I've got to get myself mended up. And as I can't mend myself up, I will have you do it for me." And he rolled over to show Gretchen a big place between his wings where the

SHE SCOURED THAT DRAGON

scales had been torn off, and Gretchen felt truly sorry for him.

"You see," said the Dragon, "that as long as I haven't any scales there I am in constant danger. I made a lot of new scales, but I can't reach around to stick them on. They are in that box over there."

Gretchen opened the box, and sure enough, it was full of red and green scales, all shiny and new.

"You will have to stick them on for me," said the Dragon, "and mind you, if you don't follow the pattern exactly, you just won't get any Charm!"

THE GUARD WOULD NOT LET GRETCHEN IN

Gretchen didn't lose a minute in useless talk, but before the Dragon had finished his instructions she had a big pot of glue over the fire cooking, and was busily sorting the red and green scales into two separate heaps.

Then she climbed up on the Dragon's back and began to glue the scales into place. It was trying work at first, for the Dragon groaned and growled and grumbled till she was so scared that her hands shook and the scales *would* stick where they didn't belong. After a time, however, she got so used to his fussing that she didn't pay any attention to it at all. Then the work went on faster.

She didn't dare let him move till the scales were all dry, and to keep him quiet she told stories till her head swam. She sang all the songs she knew fifty times over, and then invented new ones. Besides he wanted to be eating all the time! Gretchen would stick a scale in place, and while the glue hardened she would slide down and stir the porridge. Then she had to climb upon his back again and stick another scale. It took a long, long time and sometimes she thought she should never get it done before the Year-and-a-Day was up. But she did finish in the end and had two scales left over.

The Dragon went quite wild with delight when she finally let him go. He ran to the door of the cave and sprang straight up in the air, beating his powerful wings till the noise could be heard for miles.

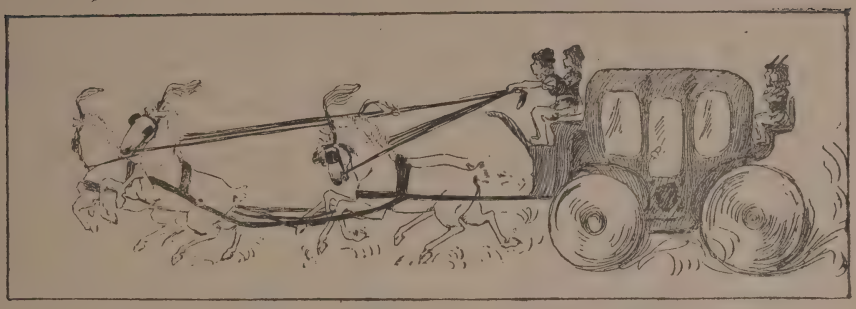
THE QUEEN LAY IN A TRANCE

Little Gretchen watched him till he disappeared in the distance, and then went back into the cave. She sat down by the fire and went straight to sleep for she was very, very tired.

When she woke up the Dragon was back in his old place, coiled around the fire, and in her lap she found the prettiest little Magic Fiddle you ever saw.

"There, my child," said the Dragon, "all you have to do is to hold the Fiddle and it will play itself. It is the most powerful Charm there is, and if the Queen once hears it the spell will be broken."

"But you have four days yet," the Dragon went on, "and I



THE KING SENT THE STATE COACH TO FETCH LITTLE HANS

find I have grown very dingy and rusty staying idle in this dark cave. Now if you care to stay and polish me up, I'll give you such a cure for your brother Hans that he will be able to see better than anybody else in the kingdom."

Gretchen was filled with joy at these words, and flew to find sand and soap. She fell to with a will and scoured that Dragon till he shone all over like a new tin pan, and you couldn't tell where the patch on his back began or ended.

He was really quite handsome—for a Dragon I mean, of course—when she finished with him, and he strutted about as vain as any peacock. After he had admired himself for some time, Gretchen ventured to remind him of the cure for Hans' eyes.

"Ah, yes," said he, gazing fondly at the noble sweep of his tail. "Oh, yes, let me see! Oh, to be sure—the cure—I have two scales you know—you just bind them on his eyes, my dear. Overnight, you know." Then he began to stretch first one wing and then the other, admiring their shining red and green surface.

Gretchen saw it was quite hopeless to try to attract his attention, so she quietly laid the Fiddle against her shoulder, put the two scales into her pocket and took the Ball of yellow yarn. It wriggled in her hands like a live thing as she tied the end to her finger, and the moment it touched the ground started off at such a rate that she had to run as fast as her legs could carry her to keep up with it. Up hill and down dale went the Ball, till at last it came to the King's palace.

But the Guard would not let Gretchen in. Everybody had given up hope of the Charm being found. "And anyway," the Guard said, "what could this dusty shabby little girl do with a

THE COURT PHYSICIANS BOUND THE SCALES ON HANS' EYES

battered fiddle? Be off with you, now!" So Gretchen had to turn away with a heavy heart; but the Ball rolled into the garden and stopped under the Queen's window.

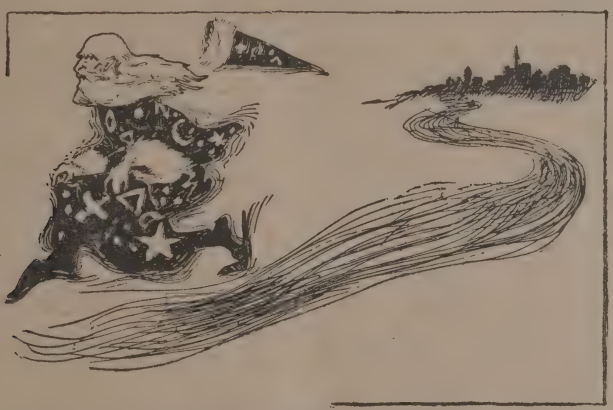
It was the very last day of a Year-and-a-Day, and the whole country was draped in black. The Queen lay in a trance from which nothing could waken her. The King and the Court were so overcome with grief that nobody noticed when Gretchen began to play her Fiddle under the window. But she had not been playing long before the Queen breathed a deep sigh. Then she opened her eyes and sat up and smiled. Everybody raised a shout of joy at this, for they saw the spell was broken. The Reporters who had been awaiting the end all hastened away to get out regular jubilee editions.

Gretchen was brought into the palace and had to tell all about her Magic Fiddle from the very beginning. The King ordered the best room in the palace to be put in order for her and appointed ten maids to wait upon her. He sent the state coach to fetch poor little Hans to the palace and had all the Court Physicians in attendance to bind the Dragon's scales on his eyes in the latest approved hygienic and scientific manner.

He ordered a general feast of rejoicing all over the kingdom

to last a week; and the very first ceremony was the crowning of Gretchen as Queen of half the kingdom. She married the King's son and soon after Hans married the King's daughter. They all lived happily ever afterward.

Gretchen tossed the Ball in the air as soon as she was crowned, and saw it roll rapidly off in the direction of the cross-roads where she had met the little Old Man of the woods. But she kept the Magic Fiddle and used it so wisely that the Cruel Wicked Wizard had to leave the country because she broke his spells as fast as he wove them.



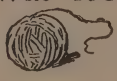
THE WICKED WIZARD HAD TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY

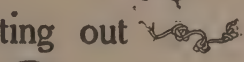
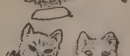
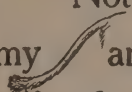
A NATURAL MISTAKE

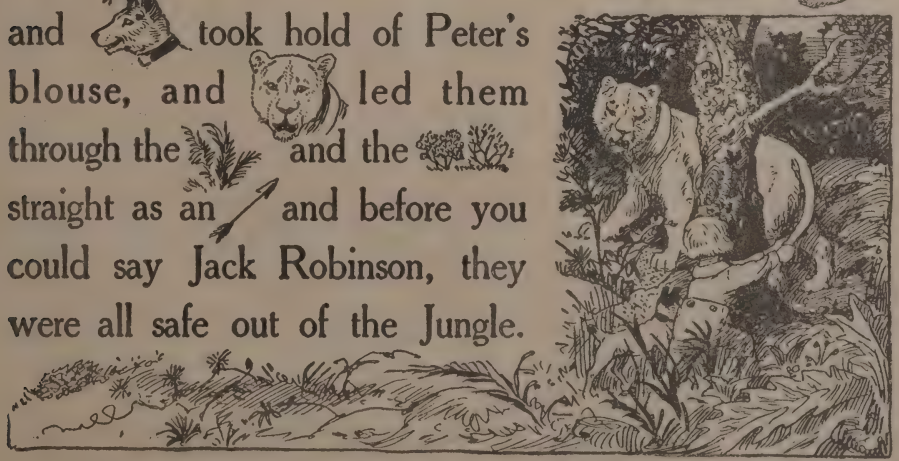
MARY ANN in the kitchen made Split Pea soup,
To serve up at luncheon with bread;
While Ted in the garden with shovel and hoe
Worked hard on a Sweet Pea bed.
At noon, at the table, when asked what he'd have
His appetite sharp to appease,
The dear little fellow demurely replied,
"I'll have Sweet Pea Soup if you please."

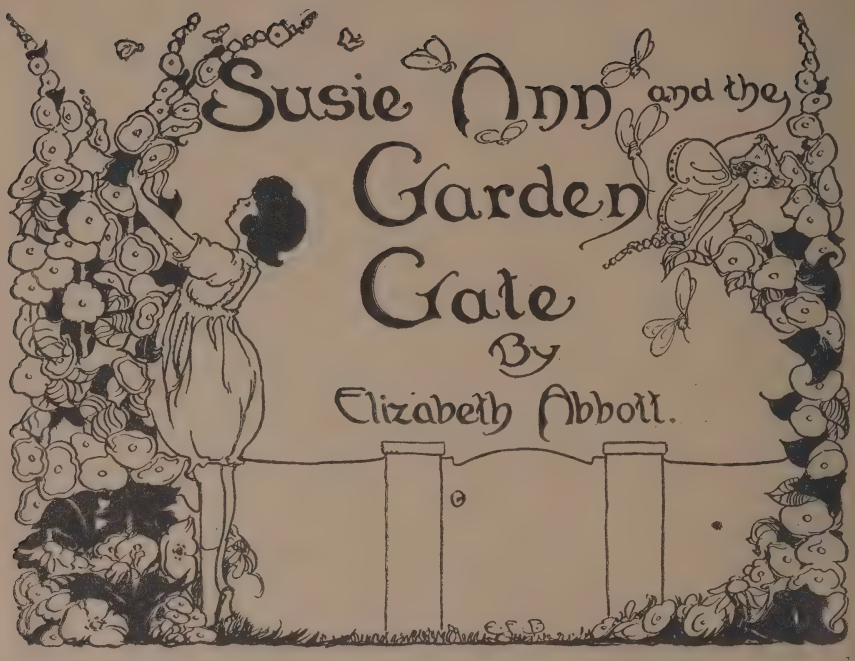
Margaret Wheeler Ross.

The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip 8

BOO-OO! How dark it was! Peter and were in the thick woods. They could not see the or the for the . Great grew under Peter's and reached up above his and he tripped and stumbled in the . "Dear, dear! What is this?" cried . "This is the Jungle," said . "We can never get through it!" said . "We shall be lost!" "Trust me!" said . "But we must creep and crawl like ." So they crept and crawled like and presently they came to the Lion's and there was Mrs. sitting outside the , grumbling and growling over her , and inside the they could hear the little crying like . "What is the matter, Mrs. Lion?" asked . "Why, I was knitting a for Mr. Lion," said , "and I lost a in the grass and while I was looking for the those naughty children got my  and played with it till the yarn is in ten thousand and tangles,

and I have shut them all up in the ." "Well, well!" said . "But my master is very good at getting out  and so am I. Do you give us the and go and let the out of the so that they may come and watch us." So went and let the out of the and Peter and little dog Trip worked and they worked till every was out of the yarn and the was as smooth and round as Peter's . Then the rolled over in the grass like  for joy. "One good turn deserves another," said . "Is there anything I can do for you?" "We'd like to find the way out of this Jungle," said . "Nothing easier," said Mrs. Lion. "Take hold of my  and I will lead you through as straight as an ." So Peter took hold of Mrs. Lion's and took hold of Peter's blouse, and led them through the and the straight as an and before you could say Jack Robinson, they were all safe out of the Jungle.





SUSIE ANN jammed her little snub nose up against the screen door, and wished and wished something would happen. It was a very hot day. Susie Ann felt like the butter at breakfast which had melted into a puddle. Mother had said that Susie Ann mustn't go out in the bright sun, but Susie Ann wanted to go out. She kicked the screen door! It flew open! Susie Ann put her tan sandal softly, carefully, a tiny way out onto the front piazza. Just then, she heard a step. It was Mother.

"Oh," said Susie Ann, and then, "why can't I go out, Mother? The sun isn't so very bright, and besides, I see a cloud." Susie Ann squinted very hard at the blue, blue sky.

"But such a teeny, tiny cloud," laughed Mother. "However, it's too bad to make a little girl stay in the house on a summer's day, and so—"

"Oh, I *can* go out," cried Susie Ann, jumping and jumping. "I *can* go out, I *can* go out."

"Yes, you may go out, but only if you will not go out of the yard. It's fairly cool in the garden."

So Susie Ann went out, hippity-hoppity, down the garden path.

"I'm glad," laughed Susie Ann. "I'm glad Mother let me go out!" And she skipped right down to the holly-hock beds.

Her soft bobbed hair went flippity-flop over her ears, and her socks drooped down around her ankles, but Susie Ann didn't pay any attention. She was going to search for fairies. Big sister Emily had told Susie Ann once, at bed time, that the fairies lived all day in flowers—in every kind of flower, but mostly in holly-hocks. So Susie Ann tip-toed very quietly up to a big pink holly-hock. Pink is such a pretty color, Susie Ann was sure the fairies would love to live in a pink holly-hock. But she didn't see any fairies, only a bee that buzzed right past her ear.

Then Susie Ann looked in another holly-hock, and in another, and in another, but there weren't any fairies there. Perhaps the fairies thought it was too hot to come out, the way Mother had, or perhaps the bee had been a fairy in disguise. Susie Ann wasn't sure.

But Susie Ann was tired of looking for fairies that hide all the time, and wouldn't show even one wing. She didn't want to play dolls, either. She felt rather cross, just for nothing at all, and kicked a little stone down the path. Just then, Sandy, Brother Ben's little dog came barking up. Susie Ann threw a stick for him, but he saw a butterfly, and chased the butterfly, too. It flew right out the garden gate.

Susie Ann didn't follow the butterfly—oh, no! But she climbed up on the gate and sat on top and swung her feet. Bump-bump-bump went her heels—and then—and then the garden gate swung right out across the sidewalk, and stopped! And Susie Ann? Well, she had to get down, didn't she? And there she was outside the yard!

"Hum," said Susie Ann, "I'm out! But it wasn't my fault. The gate went out! I might as well go just a tiny little way, though, to look for Sandy. He might get lost."

Susie Ann walked down the street, hoping and wishing for an adventure. Pretty soon, she came to a man cutting grass,

not with a lawn mower, you know, but going snip, snip along the edges with a great big pair of shears. It looked fun.

"Oh, may I do that, Mr. Man?" asked Susie Ann politely.

The man took off his hat and wiped his forehead. "The shears are most too big for you, little boy," he said.

"Why, I'm not a little boy," exclaimed Susie Ann, "I'm a girl!"

"Oh, but you have on trousers," said the man.

SUSIE ANN WAS TIRED OF LOOKING FOR FAIRIES

"These are rompers," said Susie Ann crossly. "Little girls wear rompers." And she walked off very straight. She didn't like men to call her a boy.

A little way down the street she met a boy—a real little boy who was riding his velocipede up and down the side-walk.

"Good morning," said Susie Ann. "May I ride that?"

"Well," said the little boy thoughtfully, "my mother told me not to let other little boys ride it."

"I'm not a little boy," said Susie Ann.

"Why, you've got on boy's clothes," argued the little boy, stopping the velocipede and looking at Susie Ann very much surprised.

"Little girls wear rompers," said Susie Ann.

"And you haven't a hair-ribbon on, either," cried the boy.

"Ho!" said Susie Ann, "all you know about girls," and she began to walk down the street.

"GOOD MORNING!" SAID SUSIE ANN. "MAY I RIDE THAT?"

"I've got a sister," called the little boy, "and she wears skirts and hair-ribbons. O' course you're a boy—you're a boy—you're a boy!" he yelled.

Susie Ann screwed up her mouth and stuck out her little pink tongue and walked straight down the street. She didn't like that little boy at all.

The road went right past a field where some boys were playing base-ball. Susie Ann stopped. She watched the boys play and scrubbed her toes around in the dust. Brother Ben was playing, too. He was batting.

"Hello, Ben," called Susie Ann.

"Hello there," called Brother Ben, "want to play?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Susie Ann, running into the field.

"But can your little brother throw balls far enough?" said one of the boys to Ben.

"I'm not his brother," exclaimed Susie Ann. "I'm a girl!" And she turned around and ran as fast as she could.

"Where are you going?" called Brother Ben.

But Susie Ann kept straight on. She was going home where everyone knew she was a girl.

But when she got to the gate, there was Mother looking down the road.

"Is this the girl who was going to play in the garden?" asked Mother.

"The gate went out, Mother, and 'fore I knew it, I was all outside!"

"But did you have to go down the street, Susie Ann, even if the gate did swing you out?"

"No-o-o, but—!" said Susie Ann uncomfortably.

"Oh, little daughter—don't you know that Mother doesn't ask you to do anything unless she has a reason? The sun was so bright to-day, I almost didn't want you to play out at all. And, dear, I'm afraid my little girl will have to stay in the house this afternoon."

"Oh, dear!" said Susie Ann.

A RIDDLE RHYME

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT

MY *first's* not yellow, red, or blue,
Or any bright and lovely hue—
And yet, though none of them you see,
In it all colors blended be.

My *second's* hidden in the dark,
Long years and years, by tough tree bark,
Until by buzzing saw set free
For any boy or girl to see.

My whole is black as coal, or night,
And yet on it appears in white,
A picture now, and now a rule,
For you, and you, to learn in school.

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

ISN'T it fun when school is out,
To laugh and run in a pleasant rout;
To go with Tom and frolicking Rover,
Venturing fields and meadows over?

Isn't it good, when July comes,
To march through the meadows with bugles and drums;
To wave up high the Red, White and Blue,
The Fourth of July flag they gave to you?

Isn't it fun, when the march is done,
To find a good place away from the sun,
To think pleasant thoughts and sometimes to read?
Oh, July is very good, indeed!

And isn't it joyful to hear the small rill,
Singing sweet songs as you go down the hill,
And as you go home, the sun in the west
Says: "The July day is over—O World, go to rest!"

BETSEY AND HER DOLLS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

Author of "The House of Delight"

BETSEY and Violet sat in the cool playroom, sewing. That is, Violet was sewing. Just at this moment, Betsey had run her needle into the hem of her tiny pillow-case, and was staring at the House of Delight.

"Violet, dear," said Betsey quietly, "I have an idea."

Now, this was nothing strange, for Betsey was often having ideas. But this one turned out to be quite important, and supplied work and fun for two little girls all summer long.

"What do you say, Violet, if we turn this whole playroom into a tiny town for Mrs. Delight?" said Betsey.

"And call it DELIGHTVILLE!" echoed Violet.

"Good!" cried Betsey. "We'll have a little church, and a store, and a railroad station—"

"Maybe we could make a little theatre!" said Violet. "Let's leave this sewing. We can do that some other time."

In a few minutes the pillow-cases were put away, and the playroom was a very different kind of workshop. Betsey's carpenter's tray was in the middle of the room, holding glue, nails, wire, pasteboard boxes of all sizes, and her precious wall-paper sample book. A wooden orange box was tugged up from the cellar, and laid on its side; for the girls had decided to begin on a Department Store for the new town.

The floor was first covered with gray and white bath-room wall-paper, which was thick and glossy. It was streaked to look like marble.

Two long corset-boxes were covered skilfully with dark brown wall-paper, and popped into the store on each side, for counters. Then the old box began to look like a store.

The girls did not talk much, for bright ideas began to pour into Delightville at such a rate, that the two workmen stopped their pounding and pasting only to admire a finished piece of work.

Two spools glued together with a circle of pasteboard on top, made realistic stools for tired shoppers. Violet glued four

A HEADLESS DOLL WAS USED FOR A DRESS FORM

AT LAST A HUGE SIGN APPEARED

of these stools to the floor. Meanwhile Betsey pasted a tiny tape-measure to the cloth counter, and made rows of shelves for cloth, out of shallow boxes. By cutting slits in each side of these boxes, and another slit to match in each of the shelves, she soon fitted in enough strong shelves to bear the weight of many piles of colored cloth.

Double strips of cloth of all colors were folded tightly around oblong pieces of cardboard. Bright colored ribbons, both wide and narrow, were rolled up with strips of paper and pinned with tiny pins.

"Let's drape some of the prettiest cloth over standards," suggested Betsey, "and put on a price-mark."

So a big spool was the standard, and rose-colored voile was plaited over it with a strip of silver lace thrown over that. It really did look like those in real stores.

"Have you thought of wax figures, Betsey?" asked Violet. "We ought to sell dresses and coats, for Mrs. Delight needs those most."

"We can take that old headless doll for a dress form," returned Betsey. "Let's dress her in a ball-gown so the neck will show."

So with very little sewing, a gorgeous violet satin gown was draped over the broken doll, and narrow black velvet shoulder-straps made the arms and neck look very lifelike.

Three new hats, especially designed for Mrs. Delight, were balanced on big-headed pins at the end of the counter.

"We might get some tiny boxes to fill the rest of the shelves," said Violet. "We could label the boxes, and they would look as if they were full."

"We could have them full, too," said Betsey.

So she rummaged in her box supply until she found a lap-full of assorted boxes. She had two thimble boxes. One she labeled VEILINGS, and filled with tiny squares of net. The other she labeled YARN, and filled with bright colored worsteds wound off on a card and twisted up like figure eights, just like real Germantown. Small white jewelry boxes made very good boxes to hold underwear.

Then a square box just the width of the counter was divided into little squares like an egg-box. This was for Novelties, and kept the girls busy cutting out tiny dress-shields, and winding off little spools of thread and tape, and collecting tiny buttons and hooks and eyes.

But the best plan of all, was Violet's. She was the one who thought of the cash-carriers—those little round affairs that slide on a wire up to the cashier's desk. Both girls worked on these together, first trying many schemes that refused to work.

Finally they strung up two fine slippery wires, one slanting uphill, and the other downhill. On each wire was a large dress-snap. With a snap of her finger, Betsey at last sent the little

carrier flying down the wire to the other end of the store. The advantage of having a snap instead of a button was that when you received the little carrier, you could take the lower part off, count the change, and then snap it back again.

Then, of course, a cashier's perch was necessary. So two square boxes were tacked securely to the back of the store, with a tiny stool and desk-top in each.

Then the Delightville Department Store was finished except the signs. Betsey and Violet worked patiently on tiny cardboard squares, lettering MILLINERY DEPARTMENT, COATS AND SUITS, RIBBONS, NOVELTIES & LACES, etc., shading the black letters with red and blue. Then they tried to decide what to name the store. At last a huge sign appeared, which said, "THE BETSOLET CO., Inc." which, as you see, took the first half of Betsey's name and the last half of Violet's.

Perhaps you can imagine the delight of the little girls, when they came up to Delightville one day, after the store was finished and found that Betsey's brother Tom had put a tiny electric light at each end of the sign, and one inside the store. The battery was out of sight, and by pushing a slide, the store could be brilliantly lighted for the evening.

Now, if you will count back forty-three words, beginning at the last period, you will see the words, "after the store was finished." But how many days do you think it was before the little store was really finished? Just seven days, not counting Sunday, or Monday afternoon when Betsey's mother made them go with the rest in the big car on a picnic.

A LITTLE WILD FLOWER

SAID a little wild flower
In the grass out of sight:
"I'll do what I can
To make my nook bright!"

A. H. Gibson.

EACH MORNING WE MUST TIE THEIR BEADS

WE DOLL MOTHERS

OH, no one knows how we must work
To keep our dolls dressed up in style—
We cannot let them go about
In clothes that would make people smile!

We've got to mind the cut and fit
Of gowns and hats and wraps they wear,
And as the fashions won't stand still
Their clothes must always be a care!

Each morning we must dress their curls,
Each morning we must tie their beads—
We must devote *much* of our time
Attending to their little needs!

M. J. H.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER XII.—THE WRONG MONKEY MAKES THINGS COME RIGHT.

PINKY Jones said that of course Patty Pinchley would know where the monkey was. And her father would take her and Bee in the carriage, up to Damsonfield to see Patty, after school, the next day.

When they knocked at Mrs. Pinchley's door it was opened by a pale little girl with stooping shoulders and a crutch under her arm. Behind her stood an old woman.

Pinky Jones and Bee told of the loss of the yellow-capped monkey, both talking together, and then Patty Pinchley, the little lame girl, told of her finding him.

"Ben Peaseley took me to Gobang in his farm wagon," she said. "I never was there but once before in my life. There were squashes and cauliflowers and celery in the wagon, and the apples off my high-top sweeting tree to buy me a new dress. We had sold everything and bought my dress and were on the way back home, when we heard a queer little voice in the back of the wagon, partly like a baby's and partly like a squirrel's, and the queerest thing I ever saw came leaping through the wagon to my shoulder! Ben said it was a monkey. I never saw one before. It had on a yellow cap and it had ear-rings in its ears!"

"'Twas my dear Beppo! Where is he?" cried Pinky Jones.

"Ben tried to find the owner," said Patty. "He thought the monkey would be advertised in the newspaper, but it wasn't."

"I didn't think of doing that! Did you, Papa?" said Pinky Jones. Papa Jones hung his head and looked out of the window in an embarrassed way.

"I'm afraid they didn't really want me to find my dear Beppo!" said Pinky, looking severely at her father.

"I couldn't put up with him!" said old Mrs. Pinchley. "He almost drove me crazy. He tore up Patty's new dress and made a rope of it to go down into the well."

THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A PALE LITTLE GIRL

"I liked him, but he couldn't get along with Jacky," said Patty, with a glance at the cage in the corner. "He pulled out all Jacky's tail-feathers!"

"Scat! S-c-a-t!" called a queer, hoarse voice from the cage, as if it were scaring a cat.

"That isn't a parrot! oh, what is it?" said Bee.

"A crow with his tongue slit. It seems sometimes as if that bird knew as much as most folks!" said old Mrs. Pinchley. "When the monkey couldn't get along with Jacky, I told Patty she must carry him over to Jim Fosdick's. Patty, you run right over and get him."

"I want Patty to have everything," said old Mrs. Pinchley when Patty had gone. "Sometimes I'm kind of hard and cross just because I can't get things for her. But I couldn't have a monkey to destroy things when I'm trying so hard to save up the hundred dollars that it will cost to have the great city doctor cure Patty of hip disease. It's an awful lot of money! I'm afraid I shall never save it."

"An awful lot of money!" groaned the crow. "Never, never save it. Patty's lame! Oh dear, oh dear!"

The yellow-capped monkey—without any cap, now—sprang straight into Pinky Jones' arms when Patty led him in. And Patty did not shed a tear when she saw him carried away by his mistress. She said she knew, now, that he would be well off.

It was very quiet in the Jones' carriage as it was driven toward home. The monkey went to sleep, after he had cried a little for joy, just like a person.

Bee looked, all at once, into Pinky Jones' face.

"Patty's lame! Oh dear, oh dear! I can't keep what that crow said out of my mind," she said.

"Nor I, either!" said Pinky Jones.

"I have a plan!" said Bee. And she drew herself up as Billy Boy did when he was at the head of the Pekoe Guards.

"The wrong monkey was bought with my own money, and I can do what I please with him! The sailor man said he was worth a hundred dollars. Papa said we must advertise him, if he was worth so much, for he was afraid the organ-grinder had stolen him. If we don't get any answer I can sell him and

the money will be my very own. A hundred dollars! It will send Patty Pinchley to be cured by the great doctor!"

"Who will buy him?" asked Pinky Jones.

"Billy Boy has a friend who belongs to a show—a great me-na-ge-rie. He's a Wild Man in the Show, but out of it he's just a very nice person. He buys things for the Show. He bought a parrot of Billy Boy once. It was when Billy Boy was at Aunt Kate's and so many nice things happened to him. I think he may buy the monkey!"

"I will get Billy Boy to write to him and tell him that the monkey came from that place in Africa with so many g's and z's in it, where the valuable monkeys come from. Then he will know that it is worth a hundred dollars!"

"Oh, what a beautiful plan!" said Pinky Jones. "And half of Beppo shall always be yours! I think half a monkey is a plenty."

"A great plenty!" said Papa Jones.

That beautiful plan was a great success, as plans are apt to be when people, even small people, really try.

Billy Boy wrote to the Wild Man and put in every one of the g's and z's in the queer name of the place where the monkey came from, and the Wild Man knew at once that he must be a very rare and valuable monkey, and brought the owner of the menagerie to see him.

They went to the fair and saw him in the pumpkin, and paid a hundred dollars for him on the spot! And that hundred dollars sent Patty Pinchley to the great city doctor to be cured.

It was true that the monkey didn't show off all his tricks at once, like Yellow-Cap, but seemed old and sober-minded. But he let people see what he could do at the barn-show that the Browns had before Patty Pinchley went away!

The show was for the benefit of the church-fair fund instead of the doll that Bee didn't buy. It brought in more money than half a dozen dolls would have done.

But Billy Boy says that although Bee came out of that monkey-business so well, he thinks after all that a doll is better for a girl than a monkey.

The End

HIS OPINION

OH, I hardly think I'd like it much,
To be Dutch—
When I see the funny old-man caps
Little chaps
'Bout as big as I am have to wear
On their hair;
And the queerer grandma ones for girls,
Hiding curls;
And the puffy little dresses, too,
China blue;
And the, oh, so very monstrous big
Trouser rig—
No, I do not think I'd like it much,
To be Dutch!

C. P. Stuart.

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We send you this Companion for selling only 25 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a card. Return to us the money you collect and the Companion is yours.
SECCO SALES CO. Box 1311, O. Boston, Mass.

This all-leather **Glove** given for selling only twelve packages of our easy-selling **Marvello Washing Tablets** at **15c.** each. When sold return **$1.80** and we will send **Glove** prepaid. We trust you. Just send name and address to
BRUNET & DEMERS, 196 Jefferson Ave. Dept. 2, Salem, Mass.

SPLENDID CLERICAL WORK OPPORTUNITY. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money
CHATAQUA BUSINESS BUILDERS, Jamestown, N. Y

Real Mattress Cleanliness

BED ticking is a sieve-like fabric which allows foreign matter to filter through and to become a fixture in the mattress. Re-covering such bedding is an uncleanly makeshift which merely does away with part of the trouble.

What is needed is an antiseptic washable

QUILTED MATTRESS PROTECTOR

which really solves the vexing problem

It fully protects the mattress and adds to its life.

Excelsior Quilted Mattress Protectors are made of two pieces of heavy bleached white muslin, both sides quilted with dainty snow-white wadding of the best grade between. Soft, springy, sanitary.

Wash easily without losing their light, fluffy texture.

Made in All Sizes

Look for the trade mark—Avoid substitutes

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

SOMETHING TO WRITE TO OTHER READERS

Owing to the great number of correspondence requests on hand, the Editor asks you not to send any more until a notice that you may, appears in Little Folks.

Mayda Getchell, Box 184, Pullman, Wash., would like a boy or girl in Mo., who is twelve or thirteen years old to write to her.

Jean Campbell, Box 22, Balboa, Canal Zone, would like a boy or girl from Mich. to write her.

Esther Babcock, R. R. 7, Box 42, La Porte, Ind., would like to correspond with readers living in Ariz., Calif., N. Y., or other parts of the country.

Elizabeth Quinham, 37 Grove St., Lonsdale, R I. Route 2, would like a letter from a little New York girl of eleven.

Nyda Nelson, 452 Lincoln St., Walla Walla, Wash., would like a ten year old girl to write to her.

Katharine Colvert, Attica, Ind., would like to hear from a little girl who is eleven or twelve years old.

Claire Barnes, West Cheshire, Conn., would like to hear from Seattle, Chicago, or Texas, and hopes her correspondent will be eleven years old.

Minnie Jones, Atkins, Ark., would like to correspond with some one in Calif., who is eleven years old.

Lucile Parker, Buckeye, Ariz., would like to hear from a little girl in Miss., N. D., S. D., or from anyone whose birthday is August 10th.

Rachel Perry, 18 Dwight St., New Haven, Conn., would like to hear from Marjorie Griebnow, from some ten year old girls who were born on Mar. 21st., and from some girls in the states of Texas, Calif., Fla., Ala., Ore., N. C., S. C., N. D., S. D., Col., and Tenn.

Joyce Smith, Poplar, Mont., would like to hear from a boy or girl in Mexico.

Ellen Muriel Halsey, Bridgehampton, N. Y., would like a little girl in Calif. to write to her.

Geraldine Blakely, Mail Box 161, Botkins, Ohio, would like to hear from a thirteen or fourteen-year-old girl.

Marie Miller, Box 35, Wilsonville, Nebr., would like a letter from a little girl who lives in Massachusetts.

Helen Sharpless, Care of Walter Sharpless, Toughkenamon, Pa., would like a letter from Japan.

Olive Waterman, 21 Camp St., Barre, Vt., would like some little girl nine years old to write to her.

Dorothy McLellan, R. 96, Kearney, Neb., would like to hear from Marjorie Billing and any little girls in Ill., and Conn.

Keith Murray, Box , Entiat, Washington, would like a boy 12 years old from Western Texas to tell him about the cattle ranches there.

Lillian Belcher, Whigham, Ga., R. F. D. 2 Box 69, would like to hear from any little girl in Japan whose birthday is August 31st., and who was born in 1909.

Mildred Belcher, Whigham, Ga., R. F. D. 2, Box, 69 would like to correspond with a girl from San Francisco or Los Angeles.

Frances Elizabeth Pettus, Charco, Texas, would like very much to correspond with some little reader whose birthday is in Feb. If there are any subscribers in San Antonio, Texas, she would also like to hear from them.

Anna Flood, Farmington, Conn., wants to hear from a ten or eleven year old girl in Porto Rico.

Leah Allen, Vestal, N. Y., would like to correspond with a girl of ten or eleven in any state or country.

Lillian Hedden, Waddy, Ky., would like a letter from France.

Lela Tanner, Portageville, Mo., Box 363. Would like to correspond with a girl in N. Y. City, or elsewhere. She is thirteen.

Kathleen M. Brockway, 97 College St., So. Hadley, Mass., would like a girl or boy, ten or eleven years old to write to her, especially one from Maine or Rhode Island.

Dorothy Porter, Norwich, N. Y., would like to hear from a little girl in Japan.

Eleanor White, 9 S. Burnett St., E. Orange, N. J., would like a correspondent in Vt., or Ind.

Geraldine Ellsworth, 83 Townley Ave., Cortland, N. Y., would like to hear from eleven or twelve year old girls in any state but N. Y.

Emma Patch, 2033 Mountford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., would like to have a fourteen year old girl from Virginia or Tennessee.

Helen Johnson, General Delivery, Santa Ana, Calif., would like a letter from Hastings, Nebraska.

Frances Stivers, Meade, Kansas, would like a correspondent from Atlanta, Georgia, as she once lived there. She would particularly enjoy letters from a girl eleven or twelve years of age.

Alice Wright, La Mesa, Calif., would like to hear from a little girl from nine to thirteen years of age, who lives in London, England.

Mary Cynthia Thompson, 845 Franklin St., Burlington, Ia., would like to correspond with a little girl who was born in 1908.

Anna Passmore, Chatham, Pa., 14 years old, would like to hear from a girl about her age who lives in Cal., or in China.

Louise Avery, 237 W. Town St., Norwichtown, Conn., would like to receive a letter from any part of North America and the Hawaiian Islands, especially from Yellowstone Park and Colorado.

Dorothy Cox, 7 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass. would like to hear from a girl who lives in the mountains.

Jean Opal McClelland, Lisbon, Iowa, would like a ten-year-old correspondent in the Hawaiian Islands.

Maurine Kamp, 309 Cherry St., Marshfield, Wisconsin, would like correspondents in the Hawaiian Islands and in Japan.

Margaret Marable, Clarksville, Texas, would like to get a letter from anywhere in the world except Germany, she says. She would also like to have Eleanor Bray write to her.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 444)

SOMETHING TO COOK

(*Continued from page 401*)

"I've an idea," said Ruthie, picking up the scraps of lettuce in one hand, and the bottle of olives in the other. "Let's have a sandwich apiece for supper. There's some cream cheese left."

So Janie watched Ruthie while she made four plain cream cheese sandwiches without lettuce. After that she cut an olive into little thin circles—red circles with green ones running round them, they were. She took two of the same size and laid them on top of one of the sandwiches, so that they looked like eyes. Half the green circle of another she arranged to look like a mouth and above it placed two tiny bits of the red to look like a nose.

And lo and behold, here was the nicest sort of Clown.

Mother added peanut-butter sandwiches in the morning, and the Cooks added radishes from their garden and sugar cookies and dates, and you may believe that it was the nicest sort of Fourth of July picnic.

SOMETHING TO PLEASE MOTHER

What is Mother's favorite perfume? Perhaps she doesn't know. At any rate, we will send you a test set, just to see whether she really does know, or not. There are three cunning bottles of three most delightful perfumes. Just send us your address and two 2c. stamps (4c) and we'll mail you the test set with directions, and a delightful booklet on "Fragrance." Address: Fragrance, % Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

WANTED—BUTTERFLIES

We will pay 3 cents each for large, and 2 cents each for small specimens of bright-colored butterflies collected in any section of the U. S. Small butterflies preferred. All specimens must be in perfect condition. If you do not know how to collect and pack for mailing, perhaps some one in your town will show you. Here is a good chance to earn some spending money in your spare time during vacation.

CASSINO STUDIO . . . . . SALEM, MASS

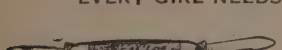
FIVE MOTHER GOOSE BOOKS
FOR 10 CENTS

Five little books full of the charming **Mother Goose Melodies** you all love. Each book contains from fifteen to twenty of these verses, and each contains a different set of melodies. The books are nicely illustrated and have beautiful colored covers, done by Jessie Wilcox Smith, the famous child's artist. The books measure 5 1-4 x 3 1-2 inches—just the right size for little hands. The supply is limited, but as long as they last, you may have five of them for ten cents.

Send for yours today.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

EVERY GIRL NEEDS A PENKNIFE



The one we offer is a little beauty, having a stag handle and both a large and a small blade of fine quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c a card, and returning to us the money you collect, you may have one of these fine knives.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

This Gold Pencil
For 2 Subscriptions

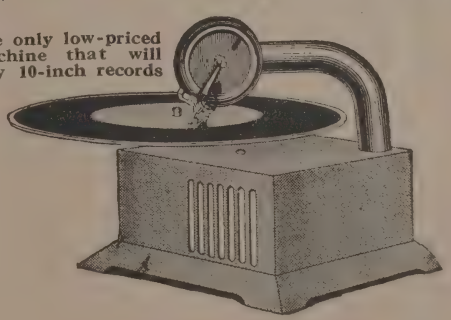
This dainty gold pencil, hanging from a narrow black gros-grain ribbon sautoir, may be worn just as well by a little girl as by a little girl's mother or any of her grown-up friends. One is always wanting a pencil in a hurry, and having to hunt for it, so what could be nicer or more convenient than to have one as handy as this? Aside from its usefulness, the pencil is a pretty ornament for every-day wear. When the lead wears down, a twist of the pencil will bring out a new length, and when the lead is not in use a twist in the opposite direction will hide it away inside the pencil where it cannot be broken. New leads may be inserted as needed, but are not supplied with the pencil. They may be purchased by the box at any stationer's.

The cash price of this pencil is $1.25, or it will be sent upon receipt of two new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks (not your own.)

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Salem, Mass.

A Real Phonograph For You

The only low-priced Machine that will play 10-inch records



Here is your chance to get a real phonograph at not nearly the price you would have to pay a dealer in musical instruments. It is not a toy—will play all standard records, even ten inch ones, and do it to your satisfaction. The machine is fitted with a strong motor, a good reproducer and tone arm. This is a good machine to carry with you on your summer vacation, or to have in your home the year round.

You may secure this machine by sending us five new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks Magazine (not your own).

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

SOMETHING TO EARN PIN-MONEY

COLLECTING BUTTERFLIES

VACATION-time is almost always the best time for boys and girls to think of earning pin-money, and one of the pleasantest ways in which to do it is to go into the garden, the fields and woods with a butterfly net and a chloroform killing-bottle; for in these days when butterflies are so much used for lockets, trays and the like, it is not hard to sell to dealers the beauties you can catch. Prices range from a few cents to several dollars for certain unusual kinds, and of course the locality in which you live will determine the kind of butterflies you will be able to get.

The first thing you will need will be a butterfly net. If you cannot buy one, you can make one at home, with the help of a grown-up. You will need an iron wire about one-fifth of an inch in diameter, which should be bent into a circular ring a foot or fifteen inches wide, leaving the ends sticking out at right angles to the circle. It will be necessary to have a blacksmith weld them together so as to form a spur about four inches long. Stick this spur into some convenient handle, such as a broomstick and sew over the circle a bag of mosquito netting, swiss muslin or similar clothes, which is better black or green than white.

After the butterflies are caught, they must be killed, so you will need a killing-bottle. Into a wide-mouthed bottle put a large piece of cotton batting saturated with chloroform. Keep it covered so that the chloroform odor will remain strong enough to kill the butterflies. This is the right way to kill them and not cruel or painful.

To prepare your butterflies for selling, close the wings of each insect together on the upper side of the body so that the underside of the wings is what you will be looking at after they are folded—and put each one in a little triangular envelope of some such soft paper as newspaper. To make one of these envelopes, take an oblong piece of paper, wide enough to hold your butterfly, hold it lengthwise toward you and fold the slip diagonally from a point about in the middle of the left-hand side. By folding one side and then the other of the projecting pieces of paper, up to the edges, you will get your triangular envelope in which to put your butterfly. A butterfly will keep indefinitely in such an envelope and a great many can be packed in a small space for mailing.

There is an advertisement in this issue of Little Folks which will tell you of one place where you can dispose of the butterflies you catch and doubtless you will learn of others.

SOMETHING TO GUESS

MORE good riddles, sent in by Little Folks readers for you to enjoy. Have you some, yourself, that you would like to have printed?

When does a farmer perform a miracle? When he turns his horse to grass.

When is an axe inconsistent? When it cuts a tree down, and then cuts it up.

When was medicine mentioned in the Bible? When the Lord gave Moses two tablets.

When was the automobile mentioned in the Bible? When Elijah crossed Jordan by a ford and "went up on high."

Who was the first electrician? Noah, for he made the arc (ark) light on Mt. Ararat.

Who was the smallest man mentioned in the Bible? Bildad, the Shuhite (shoe height)? No, the jailer. He slept on his watch.

Who was the straightest man in the Bible? Joseph, for Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

When did the alphabet begin with B? In the days of Noah (no A).

When is a tooth not a tooth? When it is a-king (aching).

When is a man not a man? When he is a-shaving.

What belongs to yourself, but is used more by your friends than by yourself? Your name.

Use me well and I am everybody; scratch my back and I am nobody. A looking-glass.

What asks no questions, but requires many answers? The door-bell.

Why does a dog wag his tail? He is stronger than the tail. If he were not, the tail would wag the dog.

Why is a water lily like a whale? Because it comes to the surface to blow.

When is a luggage van like a forest? When it is full of trunks.

What country would you find in every larder? Greece.

Why can the world be compared to music? Because it is so full of sharps and flats.

What is the first thing a gardener sets in his garden? His foot.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 446)

SPECIAL
SUMMER MAGAZINE BARGAINS

BY special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to offer you these cut-rate nine-month subscriptions, which will enable you to secure your favorite magazines for the lowest price, until fall. There are also a few excellent 12-month offers.

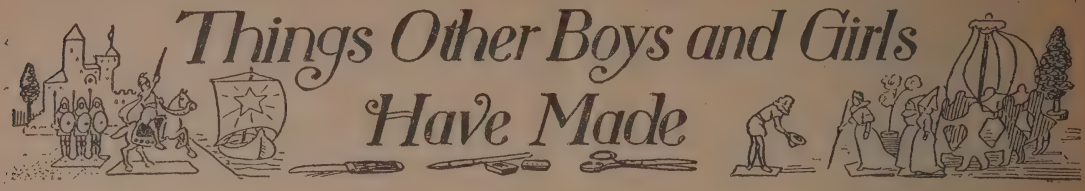
SPECIAL LOW PRICE 9-MONTH OFFERS	
Little Folks Boy's Life	$2.63
Little Folks Christian Herald	$2.44
Little Folks Collier's Weekly	$2.80
Little Folks Delineator	$3.19
Little Folks Designer	$2.80
Little Folks Everybody's	$3.38
Little Folks Junior Instructor	$2.80
Little Folks McCall's	$2.25
Little Folks McClure's	$3.00
Little Folks Modern Priscilla	$2.44
Little Folks Mother's Magazine	$1.69
Little Folks People's Home Journal	$1.88
Little Folks Pictorial Review	$2.80
Little Folks Pathfinder	$2.05
Little Folks Review of Reviews	$3.55
Little Folks St. Nicholas	$3.94
Little Folks Today's Housewife	$1.69
Little Folks Woman's Home Companion	$2.80

SPECIAL LOW PRICE 9-MONTH OFFERS	
Little Folks Youth's Companion	$3.19
Pictorial Review Modern Priscilla with Little Folks also,	$2.82 $4.13
Pictorial Review McClure's With Little Folks also,	$3.00 $4.31
Pictorial Review Metropolitan With Little folks also,	$2.37 $3.68
Pictorial Review Christian Herald With Little Folks also,	$2.82 $4.13
Pictorial Review Youth's Companion With Little Folks also,	$3.25 $4.56
Pictorial Review McCall's With Little Folks also,	$2.62 $3.93
Pictorial Review World's Work With Little Folks also,	$3.75 $5.06
Pictorial Review Etude With Little Folks also,	$2.82 $4.13
Pictorial Review Today's Housewife With Little Folks also,	$2.25 $3.56
Pictorial Review Modern Priscilla With Little Folks also,	$2.82 $4.13
Modern Priscilla Youth's Companion With Little Folks also,	$2.89 $4.20
Modern Priscilla McClure's With Little Folks also,	$2.50 $3.81

SPECIAL LOW PRICE 12-MONTH OFFERS	
Add Little Folks to any of these clubs at $1.75.	
Good Housekeeping Pictorial Review	$4.40
Cosmopolitan Pictorial Review	$4.90
Hearst's Pictorial Review	$4.90
Hearst's Motor Boating	$4.90
Cosmopolitan Good Housekeeping	$4.90
Hearst's Good Housekeeping	$4.90
Cosmopolitan Hearst's	$6.40
Good Housekeeping Harper's Bazar	$6.90
Harper's Bazar Pictorial Review	$6.90
Hearst's Motor	$7.90
Cosmopolitan Harper's Bazar	$7.90
Hearst's Harper's Bazar	$7.90

Add Children's Magazine to any Magazine Club at 85c. a year.

Send all orders to **S. E. CASSINO CO.,** Publishers of Little Folks and Children's Magazine **SALEM, MASS.**



SOMETHING FOR HANDKERCHIEFS

FILL an envelope with cotton and sprinkle the cotton with sachet. Seal the envelope up, and if you want to make it look more attractive you can paint a little design on the outside. It is better to do the painting before you put the cotton in.

From one of Daddy's cigar boxes you can make a nice handkerchief box by painting it with Enamelac. Or the finished box can be used for cigars again.

Josephine Boyd.

A PICTURE BOOK

I have an idea for making a cute little book. First I make the cover and print NURSERY RHYMES on it. Then I take all my old Little Folks and cut out the cute little pictures on the back, with the top verse and paste them onto the pages inside and then I put in a ribbon to hold the pages together.

Eleanor Donovan.

A BOOK CABINET AND A PUZZLE

For the book cabinet, find a small wooden box and stand it on end. Cut pieces of heavy pasteboard for three shelves, or if you can, have the shelves made of wood. Have the box painted, and keep one shelf purposely for Little Folks.

Cut the front cover pictures from Little Folks and paste them on heavy card-board. When they are perfectly dry, cut them into all sorts of odd shapes with scissors or a sharp knife. Keep each picture in a different envelope, or keep all the pieces in a large box. That makes putting your cut-out puzzle together more difficult, because you have to sort the pieces.

Beatrice Farr.

A BOX DOG

I want to tell you how to make a box dog. Take a pasteboard box the size you want your dog's body to be. Cut the legs from the sides, using the four corners, so that he will have V-shaped legs to stand on. Cut out a head and tail from cardboard—the box cover will do. Make a slit in the front and back of the box, and slip the head and tail into these slits. And you have Boxxy, the pup.

Pauline Chown.

NATURE CLOTHES

When you go shopping, buy one of those penny dolls with arms that move, and dress it in Nature's clothes. Sweet peas make pretty bonnets for a girl, and you can wrap a leaf around it for a waist, with a nasturtium blossom for a skirt. For a boy's costume an acorn or the husk of a ground cherry would do for a cap, and for his trousers use those from a ripe wild cucumber. For his waist, use a leaf as you did for the girl. You can find many other ways like this to dress the doll.

Mildred Adams.

A WHISK-BROOM HOLDER

Cut a piece of heavy cardboard about 6 1-2 inches long by 5 inches wide. Cut another piece of lighter cardboard about 7 inches long by 3 inches wide. Next cover both pieces of cardboard on both sides with wall paper or some other pretty paper. Then take your heavy piece of cardboard and punch two holes in the upper end about 1-2 inch down from the top, and two inches from each side. After you have punched the holes, take some narrow ribbon and put it through the holes, thus forming a loop to hang it up by. Next, about 2 inches down from the top, on each side punch a hole. About two inches down from that hole, punch another hole, on both sides. Then take your smaller piece of cardboard and punch a hole about 1-2 inch from the top, on each side. About two inches from that hole, on both sides, punch a hole. Then slip the smaller piece of cardboard over the larger piece. The holes in the smaller piece of cardboard, on the sides, should be exactly even with the holes on the sides of the larger piece. Now take the same kind of ribbon you used to hang it up by, and put it through the holes, tying the bows on the outside, and your whisk-broom is ready to put into the holder you have made.

Sarah L. Pepper.

A PAPER DOLL HOUSE WITH FOUR ROOMS

Take two large shoe boxes and cut them in half. Use the lid of one shoe-box for the floor and foundation. Set two half-boxes on it, and fasten them to the foundation with strong thread. Then set the other two halves on top of the first two and fasten them the same way. This makes the upper floor. Cut a roof-shaped piece from another box and fasten it on. Then paper the whole thing with paper.

Edna Earl Creek.

The Editor suggests that pretty oatmeal paper, or a plain paper of any sort will make a good outside "paint" for your house, and the inside can be papered with the figured sorts. Any dealer in wallpaper, or a paper-hanger, will either give or sell to you for a small sum, some old sample books, which will have all sorts and quantities of desirable wallpapers in it for your use.

FOR ONLY 1 CENT

You Can Have a Full Year's Subscription to

The Children's Magazine

In order to introduce **The Children's Magazine** to new readers, we are offering all our readers and their friends a chance to subscribe to **The Children's Magazine** for a full year for **only one cent.**

You must mail the coupon below before midnight on August 15. Because the June issue of Little Folks was late, we have extended the time limit of this offer from June 30th to August 15th, in order to give all our readers an opportunity to take advantage of it; but since it is such a remarkable offer—one never before made, to our knowledge, by any other magazine,—we cannot hold it open longer than the date specified, and all the conditions must be carefully fulfilled, even to using the coupon below, or copying it exactly.

Here Are The Conditions of the Offer

The Children's Magazine is the children's publication de luxe, printed on fine, coated paper, and containing stories and verse planned especially for boys and girls from two and a half to seven years, though older children find them enjoyable. The magazine is half the size of Little Folks—the right size for little hands to hold, and the stories, of good length for bed-time reading, are of the same high quality as those appearing in Little Folks.

If you renew your subscription to **Little Folks** before August 15, no matter whether it expires now or later, and send **1 cent extra,** you may have a full year's subscription to **The Children's Magazine,** beginning with the July issue. This subscription may be in your name, or that of a friend. If you now take **The Children's Magazine,** we suggest that you give the subscription to some sick child, or to a hospital.

Or, if you send the new subscription of some friend, for **Little Folks,** and **send 1 cent extra,** you yourself may have the full year's subscription to **The Children's Magazine.**

If for any reason you cannot take advantage of this opportunity, why not tell some friends about it so that they may. They will appreciate your kindness, and should you send five such subscriptions, you will receive **a surprise present** for your kindness to **Little Folks** and your friends.

— — — — — — — — — — —FILL IN OR COPY THIS COUPON— — — — — — — — — —

1 CENT OFFER

Good Until Midnight, August 15, 1921

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass..

Gentlemen:—I enclose $2.00 for my renewal subscription to Little Folks. Please extend it 1 year from its present date of expiration. **For the 1 cent extra,** please send **The Children's Magazine** for 1 year beginning with the July issue, to this address.

Name.....

Street and City.....

State.....

My name is.....

Address, if different from above.....

If you are sending five new yearly subscriptions and desire a surprise present, make an x here ( ), and write your name and address below.

.....

.....

UNTIL JULY 31st, ONLY

You can renew your subscription to Little Folks for 1 year at the pre-war price of $1.50, instead of $2.00.

No matter whether your subscription expires this month or not until next year, you should take advantage of this

TEMPORARY REDUCTION

in price and renew your subscription right now.

Printing costs at present are higher than ever. Labor is striking for higher wages and shorter hours, and this increased cost more than offsets the slight drop in the paper prices, so that publishers can see no hope of permanent reductions in magazine prices.

Summer is always a dull season for the magazine business, and to make business better and to keep our clerks busy during the dull period, we make this reduced offer for the month of July. Otherwise we should be obliged to lay off many of our clerks for the summer months. Therefore **to our old friends and subscribers, we make this money-saving offer.** Those who co-operate with us by sending their renewal subscriptions **now** instead of later, get the benefit of this temporary cut price.

July 31 is positively the last day on which we will accept renewals or new subscriptions at this rate. After that date the price goes back to $2.00 for an indefinite period.

All orders at $1.50, either new or renewal, must be sent to the publishers of Little Folks. No agent is authorized to take subscriptions at this rate. It is a special family matter between the publisher of Little Folks and his friends the subscribers. If your friends wish to take advantage of this offer, you may take their subscriptions at this $1.50 price.

Please use this blank when you accept this offer.

TEAR OFF HERE

NOT GOOD AFTER JULY 31, 1921

S. E. CASSINO CO., Publishers of Little Folks Magazine,
Salem, Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

I accept your special July renewal offer to subscribers of Little Folks and their friends. Please renew my subscription for 1 year from the present date of expiration. I enclose $1.50 (instead of $2.00) the usual price.

My name .....

Little Folks is now sent to me at .....

Enter the following new subscriptions

Name ..... | *Name* .....

Address ..... | *Address* .....

..... | .....

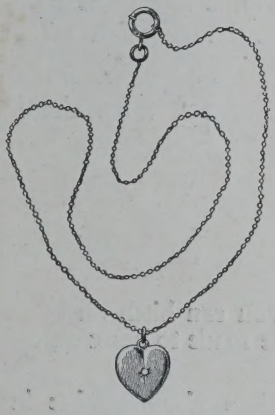
FOR YOUR PLEASURE AND AMUSEMENT

DENNISON'S DOLLS AND DRESSES

The little girl who adores paper dolls is missing a real treat if she doesn't own one of these extra fine sets, which contains three jointed dolls and the material for making quantities of dresses, not just a few. There are eighteen beautiful dresses with hats to match, stamped upon real Dennison crepe paper, and in addition there are nearly a dozen sheets of plain color and checked tissue and crepe paper, not to mention patterns, an envelope of buttons and two bunches of cut paper for trimming purposes, as well as hat forms and flowers for trimming them. A book of directions comes with the set, and with this and a fashion magazine what fun you can have designing beautiful and original frocks for the dollies. It will teach you, too, how to design your own dresses later on.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 65c.

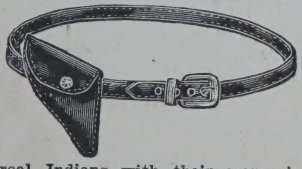
LOCKET AND CHAIN FOR BABY



This little gold-filled chain with its wee heart-shaped locket is just the right length and size for baby's soft little neck. The locket has a tiny pearl in the center. As a gift for some dear little baby you love, nothing could be daintier and prettier. And, you know, unless it's a ring or baby pins, a locket and chain like this is usually baby's first piece of jewelry.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 60c.

A REGULAR COWBOY HOLSTER



Indians and buffaloes and cowboys! Of course you enjoy them all. What boy doesn't? Haven't you often wished you could be a cowboy, and hunt buffaloes and see real Indians with their war-paint, and feathers and everything? Well, perhaps you can't do that, but you can be a pretend-cowboy, anyway, and here is a **REGULAR COWBOY HOLSTER** of tan imitation leather, with clasp fastening, and fringed edges. Contains a cap pistol for shooting all the play Indians and buffaloes you wish. Ammunition (single caps) may be obtained in most cities and towns.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 40c.

GAMES BOYS WILL LIKE

WELFARE FARM is a cut-out game, which is to be set up for play. You will find the animals, their barn, the farmer and his boy all ready to be cut out and arranged in the farm-yard. You can play all sorts of farm-games with them.

WORLD'S WORKERS is an interesting game. There are cards on which are printed the pictures of policeman, cobbler, fireman, grocer, miller, farmer, blacksmith, and carpenter, and with each is an appropriate verse. An envelope of crayons comes with the set, and with them you may color all the cards.

WELFARE ZOO is another unique cut-out, containing animals usually found in a zoo, and cages to put them into. This game has a puzzle feature for the animals must be recognized and matched up before they can be put into their cages—and even the caging is an unusual process, as you will see when your Zoo reaches you. Show pennants, and a large supply of tickets are included with the set, so that if Mother will make you some pink lemonade, and see that you have some buttered popcorn, and if you will make a tent of a shawl on two chairs or any other good way you know, you can invite your friends in to a real circus or an animal show.

HAV-A-LUNCH is lots of fun. You twirl an arrow, and wherever the arrow stops you take the dish named in the space as belonging to your lunch. More than that, each dish has a score number, and the total of the numbers you succeed in scoring wins the game for you or some other player. You can have all you want to eat, and some of you will think that you must have uncommonly large appetites to eat all the things your menu calls for.

THUMP is another good-fun game, in which you snap a colored shooter at a rebounding board. If your snap is good your shooter will bound back into a circle bearing a number, which is your score for that play. Of course, the one reaching a certain total score first wins the game.

SUNLIGHT GAME is somewhat similar, except that scores are arrived at in a rather different way, all explained in the directions for playing.

Your choice of any four of these games will be given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, each, 15c.

Do your Xmas Toy Shopping early, by mail, with Little Folks, Salem, Mass

Mengel Playthings

JUST FOR FUN

MOTOR - BOAT

Model of famous racing boat. Speeds 300 feet through water under own power - one winding. Can't sink or break. 14 inches long.

SEE - SAW

Rubber bumpers under each seat save the floor. Can be folded to save space.

ROCK - A - TOT

For children up to 4 years of age. Cannot tip over or come apart; straight forward and backward motion - seat on a level at all times.

You never saw wooden playthings quite like these before. Mengel makes them so you can have the most fun without being afraid of breaking them or hurting yourself.

Coasting on the Bye-Bye-Byke with your feet on the low foot-rests is great fun. It's easy to make go fast and you can't tip over when you hit bumps, because the steering wheel can't swing too far 'round. You know it's a Bye-Bye-Byke by three rods on the steering handle and it's bright, smooth finish. There are sizes for children of all ages.

If you have a Trail-O-Wag, too, you can hitch on behind. It's a regular wagon itself but can be made to hook onto the Bye-Bye-Byke and "make a train".

The Mengel Company, who makes these playthings, has been producing fine wood products for nearly half a century.

The Toy Department of

THE MENGEL CO., Incorporated

"Creators of Happiness for Children"

Louisville, Kentucky.

MENGEL

PLAYTHINGS